

"AWAY TO WIN"

By CHARLES CAREY

Author of "The Scarlet Warning," "Down the Toboggan," "The Van Suyden Sapphires," etc.

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Learning that Helene Burns, the girl he loves, is about to accept a position as teacher in the Philippines, the young Chicagoan, Jim Harrison, hurries to New York to ask her to be his wife. His proposal, however, is so hurriedly made that Helene refuses him. Shortly afterward, learning that his fortune has been swept away in the stock market, he sets sail with an old sea captain, Ezra Carman, for an island in the Malay Archipelago, where Carman believes a great treasure to be hidden. When near their destination the ship is struck by a storm, during which Carman, a B. of O. member in eminence, flings Jim overboard. The young man, though half dead, makes shore by clinging to a spar from the ship.

Meanwhile Jim's rival, Stan Spencer, a financier, salvages Harrison's name with the Santa Cruz gold mine syndicate, which is being investigated by the Government. He informs his assistant, who passes under the name of North, of his intention to divorce his wife that he may marry Helene and tell Jim that the girl's supposedly worthless property in Brazil, which he can buy at his own price, in all probability contains a valuable diamond mine.

The steamer on which Helene sails for Manila is struck by a typhoon and driven from its course. It puts in for repairs at Vartra island, where Helene comes upon Jim's unconscious form. She succurs in reviving him, but is deserted by her steamer, which, in its disabled condition, is carried away from the island.

Harrison and Helene are led off into the forest by a native of the island. Harrison pretends that Helene is a great prettiness and healer. He gains for her permission to visit the treasure cave, which is regarded by the islanders as sacred—but only on condition that she is married. Accordingly, he marries her through the native marriage ceremony.

A search of the cave, however, fails to disclose the treasure, and soon afterward they are taken from the island by the steamship Terre Haute.

CHAPTER XXV.

MEETING AN OLD FRIEND.

"THEN you still believe the treasure is there, Jim?" Harrison and Helene were seated on the snow-white deck enjoying the morning sunshine as the cruiser sped swiftly on her way toward Manila.

This was their first opportunity for a talk since leaving the island.

Naturally, they had slept late that morning, and during breakfast, and since, had been constantly surrounded by a coterie of officers eager to hear their adventures.

These had all departed now upon one duty or another, and at last the two were alone.

Helene, her anxiety over the distress of auntie relieved by the knowledge that the old lady had already been apprised of her safety, was bubbling over with gaiety and high spirits; but Jim seemed a bit downcast and glum.

"You almost act as though you were sorry to have been rescued," she rallied him. "I believe down in your heart you hated to leave that terrible island."

"No," he protested. "On your account I am delighted; for I can tell you now that I was beginning to feel pretty blue about our chances of ever getting away. And I, too, am glad to be back among white folks again, and to talk good United States instead of having to act it out every time I want to say, 'Please pass the bread.' Still—"

He paused and gave a little sigh.

"Still—"

"Well, getting back into the world again this way sort of brings home to a fellow where he stands, don't you know? On the island things outside didn't seem to make much difference. There I was chums with the chief and right bower to the great enchantress; but now I'm bound to recognize that I'm just Jim Harrison down and out, and with my way to make all over again."

"I tell you, it's all a mistake, Helene," he burst out passionately. "I had no right to speak to you when I did. I must have been mad, indeed, to do so. I have no right to hold you to my pledge now. Just think of it. I am flat broke, without a penny or a prospect in the world, and thousands of miles from home. A pretty subject for proposing matrimony to any woman, am I not? Why, I ought—"

But she laid her hand quickly on his lips.

"There is just one question I want to ask, Jim. Now that we have got back into the world, as you call it, do you still believe that you love me?"

"Love you, girl?" His tone left no doubt of his constancy.

"Then let us hear no more such silly talk as not holding me to my pledge, and all that sort of thing. I'd rather be the wife of 'just Jim Harrison,' whether he is 'down and out' or not, than I would of any other man alive."

"But, Helene, don't you see, I can't ask—"

"Jim!" She sat bolt upright in her chair and eyed him with mock severity. "Please don't tell me that I shall have to ask you to marry me for the third time. I have done so twice—once in that unfortunate letter, and once on the island, and now I'm hoping that you would take the initiative, if only to vary the monotony."

"Besides, dear," and the banter died out of her voice as it grew deep and tender—"it belongs to neither of us any more to ask the other to share his lot. We have agreed, that, whether richer or poorer, for better, for worse, until death do us part, 'All we can obtain now is a formal ratification of our vows.'"

"Then you stand by that compact made on the island?" He could not quite conceal the joy and relief quivering beneath his words. "Remember, I claim nothing under it. I release you from all promises. I would not take advantage of—"

"There can be no question of taking advantage," she interrupted quickly; "nor can you release me from an oath which I took with open eyes and a single heart. The heathen ceremony was passed through may have been of no avail, I do not know; but surely we are bound by the solemn promises we made to each other and to God. So let us have done with this fruitless discussion."

"I am your wife, Jim, as much as though we had been joined by bell and book and candle and bishop before the world. I am your wife, Jim, boy. May God help me to be a good one to you."

There was, of course, no one answer to be made to this, and since they were around the corner of a turret, and the only jockey in sight discreetly had his back turned, Jim promptly proceeded to make it.

Later, when they were sitting blamlessly side by side again, their hands clasped, it is true, but able to be dropped apart at a moment's warning—

Helene reverted to the trend of their earlier conversation.

"Are you really sorry to have been taken away from the island so soon, Jim?"

"Well," he confessed, "I won't deny there was a certain fascination to me in that primitive mode of life, and Malanga, take him all around, was a pretty decent sort."

"Yes," she assented, "he seemed really affected when he bade us good-by. Did you keep that thing he gave us at parting?"

"Here it is," and he produced a rolled up fold of skin.

It was a square about six inches each way, which just at the last the chief, with his own hand, had cut from his beautiful soft and pliable royal robe of kangaroo, and calling an attendant with a vessel of pigment, had inscribed with certain fantastic characters. Then had presented it to the pair with much ceremony, signifying that it was equally for both of them.

Jim had not had the opportunity to ask him in regard to it at the time, for the lieutenant was hurrying them to the launch, and besides, he had a formality to carry through himself before leaving.

Borrowing the flag for a moment, he thrust it into the wind, and announced that all could hear:

"By right of exploration and discovery, I hereby take possession of this island on behalf and under the sovereignty of the United States of America."

He also requested that the lieutenant duly enter a note of the incident upon the log of the Terre Haute.

"All right," agreed the latter with a smile, "although I strongly doubt that the Government will care to back up your action. Uncle Sam has about all the troublesome islands on hand now that he can well look after."

"Still," argued Jim, "it does no harm, you know, and I wouldn't feel satisfied in my own mind to go away leaving it undone."

Then, in response to the officer's impatient urgings, he and Helene gave a parting handshake all around to Malanga and the other friends they had made upon the island, and, entering the launch, were rapidly whirled out to the waiting cruiser.

Hence this was the first chance the pair had had to examine the chief's offering, and they bent their heads curiously over the mysterious hieroglyphics as Jim spread it out upon his knee.

"What is it, do you suppose?" questioned the girl when both had finally decided they could make neither head nor tail out of it.

"Goodness knows. Possibly a testimonial to your curative powers. And, by Jove, that gives me an idea. Why can't we set up as a couple of traveling quacks, touring these islands and spreading the blessings of health and longevity?"

"Just think what a drag this parchment would give if properly advertised. Can't you see the headlines already: 'King Malanga of Vartra testifies that the life of his heir apparent was saved by the famous Doctors Jim and Helene. Will be at the Skull Hotel on Breastbone avenue, in this place, next Wednesday, and free consultation will be given at their parlors to all sufferers from diseases of the liver, stomach, kidneys, heart, brain, and nerves. Positively guaranteed: cure rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, paralysis, angina pectoris, housemaid's knee, and ingrowing features!'"

"By gosh," he concluded in a gale of foolery, "it's a great scheme. I wonder I never thought of it before."

"Yes," Helene chimed in playfully; "and, annexed to the United States all the various islands we visited, as you, of course, would do, we should soon become masters of an empire."

"What made you do that at Vartra, anyhow, Jim?" she broke off to question.

"Well," he replied, "a little touch of sentiment for one thing, but more than that, perhaps, the idea that I ever went back there on a similar quest, no other nation would have a right to come sticking its nose in, and claim a lion's share of the loot."

It was then that she asked him with a startled glance, if he still clung to the belief that the treasure was somewhere upon the island.

"Yes," he asserted. "Possibly not in the cave, or any other place we visited, but hidden somewhere. Oh, yes; it is there, unless—"

He paused and frowned gloomily out at the ocean.

"Unless what, Jim?"

"Oh, well; unless I have been beaten to it. Ever since we found the cave empty, I have been troubled with misgivings that possibly old Captain Ezra might have got there first."

They were interrupted at that moment by a jangle of bells from the bridge and the abrupt stoppage of the engines. Slowly the vessel lost headway, until the momentum checked, she lay quiet on the waves.

Hurriedly, Jim and Helene left their corner and crossed to the other side of the deck, where a little group of officers was collected at the port rail, gazing out to sea.

"What is it?" they questioned in chorus, "what is the matter?"

"There is a little boat out there under a jury rig," answered their friend, the lieutenant, "and although she is riding high and seems to have nothing the matter with her, she fails to answer any of our signals. She is either abandoned or something else is wrong; so we are going aboard to investigate."

"Like to take a look at her?" and he politely extended his glass.

Jim cast one glance and gave an excited start.

"There is certainly something mighty familiar about her," he murmured. "Then the little vessel drifted around stern-to, and there could no longer be a doubt. Plain for anyone to see were the words: 'Helene, New York.'"

CHAPTER XXVI.

CLAIMING HIS OWN.

JIM, readily obtaining permission to join the party setting out in the launch for the derelict, was one of the first to throw a leg over the Helene's side.

He gazed curiously around; but ex-

cept for the makeshift rigging could see nothing wrong. The deck was shipshape and in perfect order, with the sawed-off dory in its familiar place, and everything else as it had been throughout their cruise.

The wheel was lashed to a course, and the little square sail was pulling away for all it was worth in the rather lively breeze.

Jim sounded the pump, and it rang dry as a bone.

Could it be that the old skipper was simply taking a midday nap in his cabin?

Rather warily, Jim approached the hatch and glanced down. Then, with a hurried shout to the others to come on, he sprang down the companionway.

Captain Ezra lay at the foot of the short flight of steps, stone dead. He had found the shotgun (carefully concealed by Jim) which the skipper carried as his sole armament, and with it had blown off the top of his head.

There could be no doubt that it was the act of his own hand. His rugged fists still clenched the barrel—clenched in a grip it was almost impossible to unclasp. The muzzle rested close beside the gaping hole in his brow.

"Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be done here," said the officer in charge of the expedition, when he had directed some of his men to cover the body and carry it aboard the launch. "There is nothing more to be done here, I suppose, except to gather up whatever may be of value, and leave the ship to its fate."

But at this Jim threw himself forward with an eager protest, and hurriedly searching in the cabin deck, brought to light the signed articles of agreement between the dead skipper and himself.

"The Helene cannot be considered abandoned or a derelict," he insisted strenuously, "when I, her surviving owner and partner, am here on her deck, ready and competent to sail her into port."

"You don't mean to tell me, Mr. Harrison," the officer cried, "that you are actually contemplating any such foolhardy project as to navigate this cockleshell alone?"

"Why not? I have traveled half way around the globe in her, and managed her unaided in all kinds of weather. I know all her little tricks like a book, and feel just as safe on her deck as I would on the biggest liner afloat. At any rate, she is mine, and I certainly have the right to do with her as I choose."

The other, unable to gainsay this final argument, promptly changed his tone.

"Most assuredly," he granted. "The ship is yours, and if you see fit to stay by her, no one can say a word. Also, in that case, I am, of course, ready to help you in any further duties in regard to her."

"But I hope you will not take it amiss," he added, "if I say that deeply as I admire your nerve I would not chance such an undertaking in these waters for the command of the finest battleship afloat. Better think it over, Mr. Harrison, while you return with the ship for the old captain's funeral."

But Jim's resolution did not falter even in the face of Helene's fearful pleadings and expostulations.

"That little boat is all the capital I

INNOCENT MAN FREED; SERVED TEN YEARS

Given Life Sentence for Murder of Father by Blunder of Justice, Kansas Finally Cleared by Witness' Confession.

TOPEKA, Kan., Dec. 23.—Held a prisoner ten years for the murder of his father, and serving a life sentence, John Collins was today told that the law had made an absurd blunder, and that the governor of Kansas had not only pardoned him, but had exonerated him from all suspicion in connection with his parent's death.

A decade ago Collins, while a student at the University of Kansas, heard a jury declare that he had slain his own father to secure his life insurance. This verdict was returned on the testimony

of three negroes and the questionable discoveries of detectives for insurance companies.

The trial lasted six weeks. During that time the boy heard it charged that he had been lured on to his crime by a desire to secure enough money to wed a girl. That girl, Miss Frances Babcock, suffered with him the notoriety of the trial.

A few days ago a sensational book was published by one of the negroes who had caused the conviction of Collins. The book confessed to a conspiracy against the young man, and declared all the testimony perjured.

DEATH TRAP PLACED AT GOVERNOR'S DOOR

Infernal Machine Found by Deputy Marshal Occupying Alaskan Official Residence.

SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 23.—Either the life of Gov. W. B. Hoggatt of Alaska or that of United States Deputy Marshal Burt Faulkner, but presumably the latter, was attempted on Sunday night when some assassin attached a revolver-rigged infernal machine to the yard gate of the executive mansion at Juneau.

Governor Hoggatt has been out of Alaska some time and in his absence Faulkner and his family occupied the gubernatorial home.

Faulkner secured a piece of string, followed it up and brought to light the revolver. His life had been attempted during the Treadwell mine strike.

SOON WILL INSTALL RARE CHINESE BOOKS

There are 8,000 volumes of Chinese learning in the basement of the Library of Congress, brought here by the special Chinese envoy, Tang Shao Yi, as a present to show his nation's appreciation of our remission of the Boxer indemnity.

have in the world, dear heart," he urged, "and I cannot but feel that Providence has returned her to me in this fruitless fashion for some good reason. I never doubted but that with her name she was bound to lead me to fortune, and now I am more certain of it than ever. There is too much of my faith and hope and dreams instilled into her for her to carry me astray."

"But where will you go?" she cried, clinging to him as though she could not bring herself to consent. "Not back to Vartra?"

"I cannot tell. If the captain has already been there and secured the treasure, there is no sign of it on board, although it would be just like his cunning to secrete it some place where no one would ever think of looking. One thing that makes me believe it possible is that he has evidently touched at some land; for he has a new bamboo mat stepped into place. I cannot be sure, though, until I have ransacked the sloop from stem to stern."

"But do that now," she implored. "Do it while the ship is waiting here for you."

He smiled at her impetuosity.

"I am afraid you have small ideas of my former partner's magpie-like habits," he rejoined. "It will be several hours at least—perhaps a day—before I can feel satisfied the treasure is not on the sloop, and I do not think the Terre Haute would be willing to lie to so long."

"No," he continued, "it is perhaps just as well that not even these officers should know what I am after. We have avoided mentioning the treasure so far, and there is no use in bringing up the subject now."

"If I find anything on the boat I will square away, and follow you at once to Manila. If not I will go back to Vartra and turn the island upside down but what I get it."

"But suppose it should not be there?" she questioned in a low voice. "Suppose there had never been anything there, that the story was all a hoax?"

"Oh, in that case the only thing left would be to make the nearest port, sell the sloop for what it might bring, and chase back to Chicago with the proceeds to see what I could do in December wheat."

In any event, though, sweetheart," he promised, "I swear to you that you will either see me in Manila, or hear from me there, by one month from today. If I am not on hand then, or you have received no message from me, you will know that something has happened."

So, with that assurance, and seeing that he was not to be deterred from the adventure, she finally, albeit with a heavy heart, withdrew her objections and bade him goodspeed; and shortly after, when he had seen the body of the old skipper consigned to the deep, he took his departure in a launch loaded down with supplies of all kinds which the officers of the Terre Haute had forced upon him.

The launch returned to the ship, smoke poured from her funnels, and with the revolution of her screws the cruiser forged on her way. Farther and farther she traveled, and Jim, although it was his immediate duty to tend on a new set of sails, stood idly on the sloop looking after her.

He watched until he could no longer make out the slender figure waving to him from the rail, watched until the cruiser was a mere speck in the distance, watched until she had disappeared beneath the horizon. Then he turned and dived down into the hold.

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of This Paper.

HUNT FOR TREASURE OF LOST GALLEONS

Business Men Enlisted in a Search for Hoard in Bellingham Bay.

BELLINGHAM, Wash., Dec. 23.—Told, he says, by "powers unseen," that an immense treasure of \$75,000,000 awaited him under thirty feet of water in Bellingham bay, "Dr." Richardson arrived in this city today from Illinois to conduct a search for it.

According to the revelation it consisted of an old hoard supposed to have been thrown overboard from one of Pizarro's galleons, which visited Puget Sound in the sixteenth century.

Richardson has, by his enthusiasm, interested hard-headed business men here in the enterprise and has raised a fund which he will immediately expend in the construction of a coffer dam at the spot where he asserts he knows the treasure is located.

An old legend of the Lummi Indians at this place tells of the visit to Puget Sound of the three galleons, identified by an examination of historical records as three of Pizarro's, which sailed north from Peru and never returned.

Richardson says he learned of Bellingham bay, which he had never before heard of and of the throwing overboard of the treasure chest, in a vision several weeks ago.

HYPNOTISM VS. WHISKY.

DES MOINES, Dec. 23.—William Lavean fought with the Rev. Thomas Cassidy tonight to give him a second hypnotic treatment in jail to cure the drink habit. Despite his struggles he was put to sleep by the minister, who commanded him to disrobe himself.

Afterward Lavean declared he is losing his desire for drink and spurned a glass of whisky offered to him. "It makes me sick," he said.

A boom has been launched for Thomas C. Noyes as a candidate for Congress in 1910 and Brainard H. Warner is also expected to make a fight for the seat now occupied by Pearce.

TAKES LONG FLIGHT.

HAMMONDSPOUT, N. Y., Dec. 23.—James McCurdy has made a successful fight with his airship, the Silver Dart. The machine sailed smoothly as far as it could be seen. Mr. McCurdy was satisfied, and made only a short flight at the end of which he returned to within a few yards of the place from which he started. It was decided to take the Silver Dart to Nova Scotia to finish the experiments.

PHYSICIAN VICTIM OF ACID THROWER

Dr. Charles B. Smith, Badly Burned, Accuses Mrs. Alice Castner.

WASHINGTON, N. J., Dec. 23.—Dr. Charles B. Smith, a prominent physician here, and mayor of the town, has been disabled for life and perhaps blinded in one eye by carbolic acid thrown in his face. He charges that the assault was committed by Mrs. Alice Castner, daughter of John Bowser, one of the wealthiest residents of this place. He charges also that Mrs. Castner tried to shoot him before dashing the acid in his face.

Mrs. Castner, an extremely pretty widow, lives with her father on a farm near town. Her horses and carriages have attracted much attention. Dr. Smith said he had been treating Mrs. Castner for several years, and that she was a nervous wreck.

Mrs. Castner called at Dr. Smith's office and was ushered into the consulting room. After closing the door, the physician, charges, she drew a revolver and aimed it at him.

"I am going to kill you or myself," Dr. Smith says he seized the woman's hand, and with the aid of Miss Albertia Shrop, his secretary, wrested the revolver from her and put it into his pocket. He then told the woman to leave the house, which she refused to do.

Dr. Smith then went into another room and put on his hat and overcoat with the intention of visiting his patient. While he was thus engaged, the doctor charges, Mrs. Castner went into a room adjoining the doctor's office, and got a bottle of carbolic acid. The physician returned to his office to make another appeal to the woman to leave. While he was talking to her, charges, Mrs. Castner took from her pocket the vial and dashed the liquid in his face.

and withers as the young hobo yells: "Who in hell has got my pencil?"

Out of the forest, which was concealed by a large pile of sage brush, stalks a beautiful fox. It is "Grace Fortesque, a Thoroughbred."

"I have," and the echoes echo to the wonderful tones of his voice that thrilling and thrilling in the direction of San Francisco.

"Stop," Grace Fortesque stops. So does Jack Dalton. One does not blame them. Here comes Rudolpho the Greaser. He has two revolvers in each hand, a knife in his teeth and a picture of the sinking of the Merimac on his back. He is a gruesome sight.

The sun is setting on the Sierra Nevada mountains. Out on the Blue Pacific the ships are tossing hither and thither up and down on the waves. The last rays of the sun hit Jack Dalton and Grace Fortesque as they stand there looking at Rudolpho lying recumbent and horizontal at their feet. He is dead. The missing pencil is in Jack Dalton's beautifully manicured hands.

That wasn't just the way the playwright made it go, it might have been. Also the club presented a vaudeville bill, a playlet, "Her Future Husband," several boxes of cigars and other remnants such as all artists should use.

He is thirsty. Not yet. Perhaps he is thirsty to take the drawing test, which consists of making one straight line twenty miles long. No he is not. Jack Dalton, the boy wonder, has lost his pencil; the cactus writhes and twines.

Perhaps he is hungry. So, Perhaps he is thirsty. Not yet. Perhaps he is thirsty to take the drawing test, which consists of making one straight line twenty miles long. No he is not. Jack Dalton, the boy wonder, has lost his pencil; the cactus writhes and twines.

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ISTHMIAN GOLFERS TRAINING FOR TAFT

Lay Out a Course and Will Decide in Tournament Who Is to Play.

COLON, Panama, Dec. 23.—A golf club has been organized at Culebra, and a course is being laid out between the Panama railroad tracks and the administration building. Several of the American residents think they know the game and are planning to play a tournament within the next three, or four weeks to discover the star golfers. The man who makes the best all-round score will challenge President-elect Taft when he visits the zone, and if he succeeds in beating him, will confidently expect to be given promotion in Washington.

Canal workmen have just dug from the jungle three ladder dredges that were used by the French engineers more than twenty years ago, and which, remarkable to say, are in first class condition. Before abandoning the dredges, the Frenchmen gave the engines and hulls several thick coats of paint and when the workmen cut their out of the tangle of vegetation, where they had withstood more than twenty rainy seasons, they were found to be almost as good as new. The engines have been put to work and seem quite vigorous and efficient.

Every village and camp on the zone, from La Boca to Gorgona, is now lit up by electricity. The final work of wiring the camps was completed a few days ago, and with the addition of a 400 K. W. generator added to the equipment of the electric plant at Empire, sufficient power was supplied to furnish ample light at all stations. The number of lights recently added was 1,185.

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"THE LOST PENCIL," TALE WRIT IN GORE

Handsome Jack Dalton, Grace Fortesque, a Gel, and Rudolpho, the Greaser, All Are Seen at the Washington Architectural Club Banquet.

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